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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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Thanksgiving.

Where'er, O Lord, thy children be,
To-day they lift their praise to thee.

On tossing wave, on desert sand,
In exile of the alien land;

In tent, in cabin, by the way,
To Thee, the journeying children pray,

And join their words with us at home,
Who kneel and say, "Thy kingdom come,"

For grace that made the feeble strong,
For every martyr's triumph song,

For love that knew not meek nor bound,
For faith that belts the world around,

For gifts that fall from grateful hands,
For Christian homes in distant lands,

For that fair banner of the cross,
Unsullied by shame of sordid dross,

For daily help in time of need;
For answer swift when'er we plead,

From households and from homes we raise,
This day the anthem of our praise.

Lord, be thou to thy people near,
Redeem Thine own from fretting fear.

Reveal Thyself in every place
Clear with the shining of Thy face.

Let not our vision know eclipse;
Accept the tribute of our lips,

As far and near beneath the sun,
We bow and say, "Thy will be done."
—Margaret E. Sanger.

Vandla's Thanksgiving

Mary Harrison wearily climbed the hill, at the close of the chill November day, to the small, weather-beaten house she called home. Her tired face brightened as she drew near and heard the sound of music. "Whatever would the child do without the organ?" she thought; "I'm glad I bought it. I wish I could let her take lessons." She entered the house and was removing her wraps when a bright-faced girl whirled around from the organ, exclaiming: "Home at last, Mamie; I've been looking for you this long time. It grew so chilly, I built a fire. Come rest in this rocker, and warm yourself. I've been rejoicing that you don't have to teach to-morrow, and we can all be at home together."

"You are always rejoicing about something," Mary said, smiling, as she dropped into the chair and stretched out her hands to the fire. "But I have so many reasons for to-morrow. It is Thanksgiving Day, and, —oh, Mamie, I cannot keep the good news another minute; not even till mother comes in. I want to see Miss Ramsey this afternoon, and what do you think? She is going to let mother sew to pay for twenty-four music lessons!"

"Oh, Vandla!"

"She is, really. Won't to-morrow be the most blessed Thanksgiving Day that ever dawned?"

Vandla, after looking soberly into the fire a moment, roused herself to say: "Mamie, I'm determined to become a musician. I mean to see how much progress I can make between this and next Thanksgiving."

"Do you mean to develop into a musician with twenty-four lessons, or is mother to go on sewing indefinitely?"

"Neither. I don't know yet what I shall do, but 'Where there's a will there's a way,' and 'God helps him who helps himself,' are as true as they ever were. I am going to do mother's part of the housework. I should not have asked her to sew, but she suggested it."

"She would rather sew than do housework, and it is no harder," Mary answered, kindly. I wish you could study music, but I don't see much chance."

"I'll just make a chance!" Vandla declared, as she went into the kitchen to get supper.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and clear. There was no service for the Harrisons to attend, since they lived in a thinly settled part of the plains of Kansas. Mr. Harrison read a psalm of praise, and offered prayer. Vandla went to the organ, and the family joined in singing. They had a royal Thanksgiving dinner,—turkey, pumpkin pie, and even cranberry sauce, which Mary bought for the occasion. All enjoyed the holiday, though they saw no person except the members of their own household. No heart in all the land sang more truly a song of praise than did Vandla's, for on the morrow she was to begin the study of music.

Twice a week, for the next three

months, Vandla drove to the village where Miss Ramsey lived. Maurice declared he never entered the house without being greeted with the "see saw" of practice. It was not wholly true, for a great deal of work had fallen to Vandla, but every spare minute was spent practicing. Miss Ramsey spoke of the girl's rapid advancement. "She is so much in earnest," the teacher would say; "that accounts, more than her talent, for her progress." Teacher and pupil were both sorry when the term ended. Vandla did not cease her practice. With the same regularity, the hours at the organ continued.

Mary's school had closed for the summer, when Mr. Harrison one day announced he had rented the farm, and moved to Carrytown, ten miles distant, for the winter. The plan met with approval. For Mary and Maurice, it meant a year at school. Vandla, debarred from that privilege on account of weak eyes, saw rosy visions of musical advantages,—if only they could afford to employ a music teacher. "One never knows what may happen," she said, "and I am glad we're going."

They had lived in Carrytown about a month, when, one day, Vandla came in from a walk in high spirits. "I've been to call on the best music teacher in town," she said. "I did not engage her services," she added, in answer to her mother's look of surprise, "but had a nice visit. I told her how I love music and am determined to be a musician, though too poor to take lessons. She encouraged me to keep up my practice, and invited me to meet with the class each week, to talk and study about music. Wasn't that sweet of her?"

These class meetings became a source of inspiration to the lonely student. "Miss Clark says it would be excellent practice for me to play in church, and I mean to look for an opportunity," she announced, on her return from one of these meetings. She found it at McGregor Street Chapel, a small, unfashionable church that had no regular organist. One Sunday there was no one to play. Vandla, though timid, volunteered. She did so well the pastor asked her to play regularly, which she consented to do. This required an extra amount of practice.

Thus the winter passed pleasantly. On the approach of spring, Mr. Harrison declared himself tired of city life, and proposed to return to the farm. Mary had secured the spring school at home, so it was thought best to move back. Mr. Harrison made a trip to the country, and returned with the announcement that his share of grain had been stored in two rooms of the house. There was but one room for the family.

The mother and the girls were dismayed. "There'll be no place for the organ!" Vandla exclaimed.

"What can we do?" asked the mother, looking perplexed. "Mary will be at school, and father at work."

"There is nothing to be done but to shell the corn," replied the father, "and then we have nobody to haul it to town."

"Shell seven hundred bushels of corn!" and Mrs. Harrison laughed at the idea.

Nothing more was said, and preparations were made to move. Vandla was determined to have a place for the organ; she felt she could not go without it. The day they moved she said to her brother: "Maurice, have we a hand sheller?"

"Yes. What do you want with it?"

"If you'll help me, I mean to shell that corn."

"We two shell seven hundred bushels of corn!" the boy cried, in astonishment.

"It is the only chance, Maurice. I am bound to have a place for the organ. We'll get it shelled after awhile if we keep at it."

The boy looked at his sister with admiring eyes. "If you can stand it, I can go ahead, Sis. But what about getting it hauled to town? Father'll be busy with the team."

"I've thought it over and decided to give Jack Sutton music lessons in exchange for hauling. He is musically inclined, and I am going to propose it to him, anyway."

Maurice was silent a moment, and then blurted out: "I say, Van; if you don't get to be a musician, the kind of a one you're trying for, it'll be a shame. A girl that has your sand deserves to succeed."

Vandla smiled, pleased at the boyish praise. She went to see Jack Sutton, and made her proposition. To her joy, he accepted. "I'll drive round Tuesday morning, to see if you have a load ready," he promised.

Monday morning, Vandla and Maurice began their task. They took turns throwing in the corn and turning the crank. Night found them with thirty bushels shelled. Mr. Harrison, seeing how hard they worked, shelled till eleven o'clock. Very tired, the brother and sister tossed on their beds, but the next morning, though so lame they could hardly turn the crank, they resumed work. Their mother helped, and Jack hauled a load into town. After that, they did enough to send a load each day. One happy morning, they saw Jack start with the last load, and Vandla went into the house with tears of joy in her eyes. The rooms, though empty, did not look inviting. The corn had milled and stuck to the wall. They whitewashed the walls and scrubbed the floors, and in a few days everything was as cozy and neat as possible. Vandla was then ready to begin her musical career.

There was no music teacher in the community. Jack had helped advertise the news that Vandla Harrison had come from town to give music lessons. Vandla took her father's dog-cart and went out soliciting pupils.

"I'd like to let my girl take lessons," said an anxious mother, "but I've nothing to pay with but corn and fruit. I think you could get several scholars if you could take fruit, wheat, and the like."

"I will take anything marketable," Vandla said.

The girl rode about, often going thirty miles a day, giving the lessons in exchange for all kinds of farm produce, which Jack disposed of in Carrytown, and continued his lessons. Vandla worked until she earned enough to go to a musical academy, thirty miles from home. There she spent one year in study and constant practice. At the close of the year she had but three dollars in her pocket. She organized a class of seven pupils in a small country town. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and she was going home to spend the holiday before beginning her labors in her new field.

Arriving at the depot, she found the train late. She could not go until after midnight, and was wandering aimlessly about, dreading the lonely hours, when some one called her name. It was one of her new pupils. "Miss Harrison," she said, "there is to be an Odd Fellows' reception this evening. The organist has disappointed the society. I promised to get you to take her place, if possible."

She consented. When they entered the long hall crowded with people, Vandla grew frightened; but, breathing a prayer for help, she sat down and played. The people were delighted. The was no one in the little country town who made any pretension of playing organ or piano. The result of that evening's wait was ten new music pupils. "I always said good things happen at Thanksgiving," Vandla said, laughingly, as she told her story at home.

Work then began in earnest. Three years of teaching were followed by three of study at the academy. She then made her way to a thriving Western city, and did not visit home for one year.

Again came the day before Thanksgiving. The usual preparations were going on at the Harrison home.

"I've fixed all the things just as Vandla likes them," Mother Harrison said, looking at the rows of steaming mince and pumpkin pies and other dainties; "and to think she never even wrote! It won't seem like Thanksgiving Day with one vacant chair. It'll be the first Thanksgiving the child ever spent from home."

"I won't n't worry, mother; we'll hear from her to-morrow," said Mary, cheerfully.

"I thought she would be so pleased with the new house," Mrs.

Harrison continued, looking anxiously down the road. "What is that coming, Mary? Do look! It must be movers."

Mary went to the door. "It does look like furniture," they watched as the wagon drew near and finally stopped at the gate.

"It's Vandla, sure as you're alive," the mother cried, throwing her apron over her head and running down to the gate.

"Why, mother, I didn't know the place; you've grown so fine," Vandla said, delightedly, kissing the worn face. The furniture proved a fine upright piano; such a one as the dear old people had never seen before.

The next day was a real Thanksgiving at the old homestead. Mr. Harrison read the familiar Thanksgiving psalm. They knelt together while he offered thanks for a united family. Vandla played the old tunes, and all joined in singing the hymns learned in childhood. After feasting on the good things the mother and Mary had prepared, they gathered about the piano to hear Vandla play. Old-fashioned songs suited the father and mother best; they were pleased with their daughter's progress.

"I have succeeded beyond my expectation," Vandla said, as she told of the months away from home. The past year I have sold five pianos and several organs, and have all the pupils I can teach. But my eyes pain me, and I have come home for a long rest."

MYSTERIOUS METALS.

DISCOVERER OF HELIUM ON THE FUTURE OF RADIO-ACTIVE ELEMENTS.

Sir William Ramsay, the eminent English chemist who discovered helium and argon and who has experimented extensively with radium is now visiting this country. In a recent interview with a New York Tribune reporter he talked interestingly of the mysterious radio active elements. Among other things, he said:

In England the strange properties of radium have excited a surprising degree of popular interest. I gave a lecture on the subject in a hall holding 3,500 people. The building was crowded, and much enthusiasm was manifested. We cannot yet say what will come from these discoveries. When I am asked of what use they are I answer: "Oh, what use is a baby? Let it grow up and see!"

Of the various theories advanced to account for the evolution of heat and the other strange forms of radiation from radium and allied elements the most satisfactory seems to be that some of the atoms in those substances are disintegrating and in doing so liberate stored energy. A few physicists like Lord Kelvin were at one time disposed to fancy that the energy was at first absorbed from some external source and then given off again. Not having compared notes lately with Lord Kelvin, I am not sure how far he has modified his views. If we judge from the rate at which gas is evolved from radium, or salt of radium, it seems probable that any given mass of it would completely decay and disappear in about 2,500 years. The life of the three or four other radio active metals is very much longer.

The theory that an atom is made up of much smaller particles, which are held together by electric attraction, and is the seat of stored energy is of philosophic importance mainly. It greatly modifies our conceptions of the nature of matter but at present it has no apparent bearing on the practical work of the chemist. The old formulae which were based on the notion of indivisibility are still serviceable. Our new understanding of the atom, however, may eventually lead to unforeseen results. I am engaged in researches which are not yet complete, but which encourage me to think that the "electronic" theory of atoms has a career of practical usefulness before it.

Professor Basherville's belief that he has found two previously unrecognized elements in thorium has much to commend it. There is independent evidence of the complexity of thorium. I have myself been

investigating the subject. Until I have a chance to talk further with your fellow countrymen, however, I find it hard to express an opinion.

As for the so called N rays, which Blondlot of Nancy professes to have found, I can only say that thus far no one but Frenchmen have been able to detect them.

NEW YORK GRAPE EXHIBIT.

THREE THOUSAND PLATES FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE STATE AFFORD A COMPREHENSIVE SHOWING.

St. LOUIS.—The largest and the leading feature of the fall show in the great horticultural palace of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has been the immense exhibit of grapes made by the Consolidated Grape Growers' Association of New York. It reached its zenith on Horticultural day, October 4th, and has been maintained at the high level ever since. With several tons of grapes from the New York districts now going into cold storage it will be held at the top notch until the last day of the Exposition, December 1. On Oct. 4th, a collective entry was made in competition for a gold medal, and was found to contain 1229 plates including 71 varieties of grapes. This was at the end of a week of excessive heat which made it necessary to take from the table several entire collections which would have run the number of varieties well over one hundred.

Up to the last week in October the total amount of grapes exposed on the table has reached the number of 3000 plates. Over one hundred and twenty-five varieties have been exhibited, including many seedlings from the State Experiment station, which have never been grown in a commercial vineyard, and other seedlings originated by growers who retain the sole rights to them in their own vineyards. As a whole it has been a remarkable showing of this industry in the Empire State and one which has attracted the widest attention from Horticulturalists and public alike.

The exhibit has occupied two entire sections of space, and at times the larger part of a third section, all situated in the northeast corner of the Horticultural palace, at the left of the main entrance. It has been and will remain in charge of Mr. A. M. Loomis, of Dunkirk, N. Y., editor of *The Grape Bell*, the organ of the New York grape growers, who was selected by them for appointment to the exhibit and the industry it represents.

"Our exhibit of grapes," he said, "has been a source of great satisfaction to me, and to all the growers from home who have seen it. We believe that it is the largest collection of grapes ever shown at any fair or exposition. Besides that, it is a striking demonstration to the great buying public of the middle west, of the magnitude of our industry, the care we take in getting our crop to their market, the diversity of our varieties, and our ability to satisfy the most exacting taste in the matter of table grapes. We already supply the fresh fruit market of the United States east of the Rockies, and even to some extent west of that line, from the time our grapes reach maturity in September until the close of the season at Christmas time; but our output is growing and we want more grape eaters. There is no fruit so healthful and so much of a food. This is what our exhibit is designed to show."

"We grow in one county alone—Chautauqua, one hundred thousand tons annually of grapes, and market ninety per cent of the crop for table use. That is the mission of the New York grape, to be eaten fresh on the tables of the multitude. In Central New York this record is almost equalled and from there a crop of six and seven thousand carloads goes into market. This is the first time the great masses of the people of the west have had an opportunity of knowing these facts, or testing the fine quality of our product, and it is work for the grocers which we are doing here, which will be rewarded in increased demand, wider markets and more wholesale distribution of their fruit. Fifty to sixty thousand acres of

New York's choicest soil is devoted to grape culture, and the vineyards are matters of wonder to the traveller. These are the facts which warrant and the reasons for making the great show which we have made."

Mr. Loomis shows by the census figures of 1900 that there are about 60,000 acres of vineyards in the Empire State, and that in Chautauqua county alone, there is one half that amount, growing nearly 300,000,000 pounds of grapes—100,000 tons, or more than 8,000 carloads, annually. In the exhibit there has been no attempt at anything beyond demonstration of the perfect quality and great quantity of this product. As an exhibit representing a great industry, it is at once typical, instructive and highly impressive even to the casual onlooker.

A Singular Vehicle.

"Have you seen a white house with green blinds go by here to-day?" Surely there was insanity in his eyes. He was a thin little chap with a melancholy look about him. At any rate the man sitting on a wooden armchair before a hook and ladder company's station of whom he asked the question thought so.

"No; I hain't seen no white house with green blinds go by here to-day. If I had I'd 'a' stopped it to give it some refreshment."

The questioner regarded the fireman intently for a moment, as though an idea were being born in his brain. Then he turned away and walked on. He had gone but half a block when out of a fine residence came a young man of rather sporty appearance, smoking a cigarette. The wayfarer addressed him.

"Have you seen anything of a woman with black hair and eyes and two kids, a boy of five and a girl of three, both looking like me, riding past here to-day in a white house with green blinds?"

The sporty young man took his cigarette out of his mouth and looked at the questioner with a blank stare.

"You mean a white horse and a green buggy?"

"No; I mean a white house with green blinds."

"My friend," remarked the sporty man, "I'll just bet you \$100 to \$10 that no family has ridden this way to-day in any kind of a house, and no family will ride down this street in a house to-morrow or next day."

So saying he turned on his heel and walked away. The man called after him. "Take you."

Turning the sporty man saw the other holding a ten dollar bill toward him. The former stood irresolute for a moment, wondering if he had better call an ambulance to take the man to Bedlam, but he was a "dead game sport" and would not go back on his bet even with a lunatic. He went into the house for funds; then as the lunatic proposed that the fireman he had interviewed hold the stakes, the sporty man went there with him.

"This gentleman," said the lunatic, "bets me \$100 to \$10 that a woman and her kids hain't ridden by here to-day in a white house with green blinds or won't ride by here in a white house with green blinds to-morrow or next day."

The fireman and sporty man retired for consultation, then returned, and the fireman agreed to hold the stakes, which were deposited in the chief's locker. The lunatic departed, and the fireman and the sporty man went to the telephone, where they reported the matter to the police station. The consequence was that after telephoning the various asylums for the insane and not hearing of any escapes the inspector concluded the suspicious person to be a confidence man and sent a policeman to shadow him.

The policeman who went on this duty, after seeing the fellow make several bets that a family had ridden or would ride within two days down the street in a white house with green blinds, decided to take him in. The man said that he would make it hot for the police, declaring that this wife would be worried to death about him. Then they asked him where he lived. He said he didn't know. The question

seemed to quiet him, and he went to jail peaceably.

The next morning the prisoner was brought up on a charge of vagrancy. He was not known as a criminal, had done nothing criminal, and there was no other charge to be made.

"Ten dollars," said the judge, "and in default, thirty days."

The prisoner pulled out \$10 and complacently paid his fine, much to the astonishment of the court, policemen and spectators. Then he went away, while the police authorities debated whether to rearrest him or let him go. They finally decided on the latter course.

The same afternoon the lunatic collected the persons with whom he had made bets, telling them that his wife and children would ride by in a white house with green blinds. They laughingly followed him, pretending to fall in with his idea, some of them having intended to turn a penny by his folly, others to return him his money eventually. The lunatic posted them on the sidewalk in the middle of a long block and asked them to wait a few minutes. Presently a man emerged from the next side street above and began to plant a windlass.

The bettors looked at each other, then with one accord started to see what was coming, the lunatic going with them. There on rollers was a white house with green blinds. In an open door was a woman pushing back a boy and girl.

"Hello, Molly," said the lunatic. "They didn't get you started yesterday, I see."

"No. But where on earth have you been? Working all night again?"

"No; in jail. You see, the police thought I was either a lunatic or a confidence man and ran me in. I asked a fireman if he'd seen you pass, and the way he replied gave me the cue how to make some money. I've got \$275 due me in bets or will have after you turn the corner. You see, I took all the money we had while we were moving to carry in my pocket, so I had all I wanted to put up the stakes."

The accompanying bettors looked at one another again, then quickly separated.

Some \$200 of the bets was paid. The rest were called off, the stakeholders declaring that the bets were made on a certainty.—*Edith Baker.*

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street, New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

"Enough's Enough."

The blithest man, unknown to fame,
I've met 'neath heaven's vault,
Was one that took things as they came,
And never once found fault,
But smiled in manner most elate,
And simply snapped his thumbs at Fate.

When every crop failed on his lands,
He'd sing with wholesome cheer,
While clasping both his horny hands:
"They will succeed next year," he'd hum;
And, when the well ran dry, he'd hum:
"Don't fret, the rain has got to come."

For trouble he cared not a toss,—
Fate's frowns were all in vain
To crush him, for each seeming loss
He'd somehow turn to gain.
If I knew how he did the thing,
Perhaps I, too, could dance and sing.

He used to walk along and sing,
Serenely on his way,
And send cars off, on swiftest wing,
For he was ever gay,
Till many murmured, here and there,
"He's happier than a millionaire."

And so he was, though little he
Had of this bright world's goods—
He was as happy as the bee
Let loose in Spring's green woods.
His motto, hearty, blithe and bluf,
Was simply this: "Enough's enough!"

Then, he was always on the crest
Of Fortune's wave, joy pent,
E'er with success his lot was blessed,
For he was e'er content,
And satisfied and happy, which
Made him the richest of the rich.

Ah, would that I were made like him,
And had his point of view;
My sky would never, then, be dim,
But ever would be blue,
And I would smile at Fate's rebuff,
And sing his song, "Enough's enough!"
—R. K. Munkeltrick.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the bravest and the weakest
Neath the all-uboholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Never Too Late.

Whatever adversity may have overtaken him, or whatever unfortunate habit may have fastened upon him, no one is too old to take a fresh start, and again make a man of himself. To all such as are deterred from making further efforts against fate, by the feeling that they are too far advanced in life, we would recommend a perusal of Samuel Smiles' writings, as proof of what will and determination can accomplish at any age of life. Benjamin Franklin was fifty before he fully entered upon the study of natural philosophy. Dryden and Scott were not known as authors until each was in his fiftieth year. Dr. Arnold learned German at an advanced age, for the purpose of reading Niebuhr in the original. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Alfieri was forty-six years old before he began the study of Greek. James Watt, when between forty and fifty, while working at his trade of an instrument maker, in Glasgow, learned French, German and Italian, to enable him to pursue the valuable works on mechanical philosophy, which existed in those languages. In his old age Robert Hall became desirous of accurately judging of the parallel drawn by Macaulay between Milton and Dante. He accordingly proceeded to learn the Italian language. —Agriculture.

Gold Medal to Mr. Wade.

Honors, like greatness, are sometimes achieved, and sometimes thrust upon the recipients. The last is the case with Mr. William Wade, of Oakmont, Penn., who has been awarded a gold medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition "for his benefactions to deaf-blind children, and for untiring zeal in finding out and providing education for such children in the United States." Mr. Wade has long been known for his interest in the deaf-blind, but the number is very small indeed who know how far reaching have been his efforts and the extent of his benefactions. This recognition by the Exposition only shows that, no matter how carefully one places his bushel over the light of good deeds, the rays will shine forth. The bestowal of the medal is an action worthy the great exposition, and brings pleasure to the many friends of Mr. Wade.—*Silent Hoosier.*

The Danger of Aimlessness.

A great deal of time is wasted by young people who have no particular aim in life. Aimlessness and lack of motive are the chief obstacles to the best and most profitable use of time. With a goal to attain, an end to accomplish, and force of character sufficient to hold the mind steadfastly to its purpose, the sands of time are easily transmuted into golden grain. Life is made worth the living. Then, boys—especially if you live in the country, utilize your time. Resolve to turn to good account your hitherto wasted moments. Most men of rank have easily learned the lesson of utilizing the minutes. Eliah Barrett, "the learned blacksmith," found time during his work at the forge to master several languages, and surprised cultured Europe by addressing its chief learned body in Sanskrit. Hugh Miller learned the secrets of the old red sandstone in the capacity of a day laborer. While his fellow workmen idled during their mornings, he was hard at work finding out the specimens and fossils his hammer disclosed. Lord Chesterfield relates of one of his friends that he wrote a book of abstruse characters during the intervals of waiting for his wife to appear at breakfast. Why not follow such examples as these.

CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Excitement of the Week
Purely Political.

PAYING ELECTION BETS.

On Gridiron and Campus.

From our Regular Correspondent.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D.C. Nov. 12.—The interest felt here in the just-held Presidential election, though rather perfunctory at first, increased in intensity as election day approached, and manifested itself in the shape of the warmest kind of controversy. The dining-room and the Reading-Room were the scenes of the clashes, wherein much hot air was expended against an equal amount of gas. Almost any evening after supper, while waiting in the Reading-Room for the arrival of the mail, might be seen the wordy conflicts between Clark, '06, and Brown, '05, with Cooley, '05, Binkley, '07, Underhill, '08, and a host of others ready to spring into the breach for their respective sides, or to engage in a separate, individual scrap of their own. While at meal-times the 1906 table was kept in constant commotion by the lively tilts in which Mikesell, '06, endeavored to hold up the Democratic end of debate against the combined forces of his classmates, all advancing their arguments and demanding answers to their hotly-plied questions at the same time. While throughout all this, McFarlane, '07, he of the equitable temper, quietly avowed on being questioned concerning his politics his Prohibitionist principles and calmly maintained them; and McCandless, of the fetching grin, true to the political turbulence of his race and the lurid color of his hair, stoutly affirmed himself an Anarchist of the deepest dye; there were also Mug-wumps and Single-Taxers, and Socialists and Dowrites, too, for aught we know. On election day the excitement culminated in a series of good natured "rough-houses" of small dimensions in the hall and dining-room. However, underlying all the controversy was a general feeling beforehand that the Republicans would win, and this rather took the edge off.

Tuesday night, nearly everybody went down-town to get the returns. The rain which fell intermittently could not dampen the spirits of the Kendall Green crowd, though the umbrellas it caused to be raised, cutting off the view of the bulletins for many, called forth many maledictions—and indeed Reichard, '06, driven desperate, announced his intention of smashing a particularly large and obnoxious one, which fortunately was lowered before he could put his intention into effect, otherwise our friend might have put in a night in the cooler and in the morning been mulcted for a breach of the peace. After standing around, till a pretty late hour, watching the returns projected on the screens, and in the intervals taking in the cartoons and moving pictures with which the philanthropic and enterprising *Star* strove to enliven any tedious there might be in waiting for the next bulletin, most of the students, assured as to the result, made their way home to bed. A bulletin-hungry few, however, remained till the last gun was fired, and had to toddle all the way home, the last car having gone long before they started on their way back.

On account of the result being practically a foregone conclusion, but few Dems had enough sporting blood to keep them from lying down and crawling, when the confident Republicans loudly offered to back up their arguments by wagers. Hence it was that Underhill, Democrat and Sayles, Republican, had a little game of horse at noon on Thursday, Underhill playing the title role, and dragging around the grounds a laundry truck, on which Sayles sat in grinning triumph. And so also it was that, to the high edification of the community, Mikesell moved in society for three days wearing a black shoe on one foot and a tan shoe on the other. Hestrove to conceal this peculiarity of dress from the co-eds by standing on one foot with the other tucked behind it, but there were not wanting any number of disinterested persons to draw attention to this artificial pose and the reason for it. Herr Johnson was also finely skinned. He had to buy neckties and candy and also to dispense with wearing his own necktie for a few days. He had been possessed by too trustful a faith in the Democracy of Montana. And many reckless Democrats on the east side wagered pounds and pounds of fudge. One of these, however, met her match in Lindstrom, '06, who was so overborne by confidence as to wager one hundred pounds of candy to one. We must say we think the co-ed, who lost this bet was really rather

lucky. 100 pounds of butter-scotch, hore-hound, etc.! Rather appalling! Let's not think about it. The most notable wager of all, however, was that entered into on the wholesale plan by the entire co-ed body. The Republicans, led by Miss Morse, '05, and the Democrats, under Miss Hall, agreed that the party which lost should set up a barrel of apples, and in addition should provide an evening of entertainment for the winners. The Dems, of course, were stuck, and nobly did they redeem their promise, according to all accounts.

Dropping things political for another four years, let us turn to athletics. On Saturday, November 12th, the football team played what is probably the last game of this season against Western Maryland College, at Westminster. The tale is soon told. Sticking throughout to their three-man tandem plays between tackle and tackle, executed with speed and perfect precision, and backed up by superiority in weight, the Westminster collegians piled up a score of 46 to 0. This large score is not to be taken, however, as indicating that our boys lay down. They fought desperately for every inch of ground, and every point in the score was made by hard work in the face of determined opposition. Throughout the season Western Maryland, has used this formation directed against some one of three or four points to the exclusion of all other plays, save a trick play now and then. This lack of variety in attack has been compensated for in their case by the achievement of almost perfect team work and considerable speed and smoothness in working. And this sort of play is especially telling when used by a heavier team against a lighter. So it is no great wonder after all that they were enabled to push us back for a large score. This is not said with any idea of detracting from credit due Western Maryland but in simple explanation of the chief cause of our defeat. The line-up was not quite the same as heretofore, for Meunier could not go, being disabled by an injury to his ankle; Joyce replaced him and did good work; Cooley and Earl Maher both being crippled, Erwin, I. C., played full-back, and though handicapped by his lightness, did his full share in ground-gaining, and had a great deal to do on the defensive. Mikesell was injured in the first half and forced to retire, as was Erd also, somewhat later in the game. O'Donnell replaced Erd and Chandler was moved out to Mikesell's place at tackle while Messner went in at guard. When Gallaudet did have the ball, she frequently made good gains but not consistently and consecutively enough to carry it over for a score.

As we remarked above this game is probably the last on the regular schedule, although there is a bare possibility that a game can be arranged between Gallaudet and Maryland Agricultural College. The Reserves however, have a game down for the coming Wednesday—that is, the Wednesday before this is printed—with the G. U. Preps. The Literary Society held a profitable and interesting session on Friday night. Dr. Hotchkiss' lecture was entitled "The Dead Giant," this being but a figurative term for "The Past." In beginning his discourse Dr. Hotchkiss said that his subject had been suggested to him by the discussion in his class in American Literature of certain remarks by Holgrave, the photographer in Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables." With the fiery impatience of youth Holgrave protested against our habitual deference to the past and slavish respect for precedents. Developing this thought somewhat further and illustrating his meaning by some laughable smiles, the Doctor turned to the consideration of the other side of the case, the help and light afforded us by a right study of the experience of the past, the impossibility of advancement in any line of endeavor were we deprived of this light and help. And in conclusion he defined the spirit, in which the past ought to be regarded, as the golden mean between an unreckoning and heedless impatience of restraint and a blind and slavish subservience to ancient customs, traditions and precedents. It is hardly necessary to remark that this discourse received the close and interested attention of all present. The question chosen for debate was "Resolved: That the United States should adopt an eight-hour a-day labor law." This, it will be seen, was a timely subject in view of the recent discussion of a bill of this very sort in the Houses of Congress. We think it might have been rather better to put the question in a little more specific form, however. Still the debate itself was worthy of commendation, victory, according to the decision of the judges, going to the negative side, upheld by Holway, '08, and Poshusta, I. C., against Elder, '08 and Davis, I. C. The dialogue, entitled "The Meeting of Philo and Criton," and rendered by Johnson, '07, and Goldonofsky, I. C., was excellent. And the declamation, "An Evening with Ghosts," by Rasnick, '07, was also worth praising. The program was brought to a close by Hunter Cooley, '05, with his report as Critic.

Professor Day has been unable

to meet his classes lately, the oculist having forbidden him to use his eyes for some days. A cinder getting into one eye brought on a severe inflammation, which has given the professor considerable pain and inconvenience.

Even as we write, the first snow of the year is falling, and the campus is already covered with a white blanket. If it only holds, then hey for Patterson's Hill—all ways supposing that that inconsiderate B. & O. Railway has not carted it all away in process of constructing its depot.

The words "first snow," convey yet another and entirely different meaning to certain members of our community. As to what this is, ask the Ducks, and not

E. M. ROWSE, '06.

ST. LOUIS.

The monthly Public Opinion meeting was held on the 4th, and the affairs of the world during the past month discussed by Mr. Cloud. The usual good attendance was present, and the way the Japanese were wiping the Russians off the map was especially interesting to the audience. After the meeting many went over to the new City Hall, a few blocks away, which was being dedicated the same evening, and inspected it at close range, trying to discover where all their taxes had gone to.

The Euchre Club had its usual enjoyable evening on the 5th, with Miss Steidemann entertaining. The new rule, that playing would begin at eight sharp, insured a prompt attendance, and more games than ever before were played. The last game found the leaders to be Mr. Burgherr and Miss Steidemann, with Mr. Steidemann and Molloy as close seconds. Suitable prizes were awarded the above named and refreshments served. The following compose the club: Mr. and Mrs. Burgherr, Rodenberger, Harden, and Froning, Misses Steidemann, Roper, Molloy, and Schum, Messrs. Hughes, Steidemann, Jones, and Haig.

Mrs. Edington, of Washington, D.C., returned to the city for a short stay with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burgherr.

Gallaudet Day will be celebrated as usual by the Gallaudet Union, either on the 9th or 10th of next month. Particulars will be announced later. The board of officers of the Union is in charge of the affair, and will endeavor to celebrate the day in a fitting manner.

In the recent issue of the *Silent Worker*, the St. Louis correspondent refers to a resolution which seems to be the only sting left from the convention. This is the resolution which gives the Chairman of the Executive Committee great power over Local Committee affairs, and reflects on the St. Louis committee. What was the purpose of the Committee on Resolutions in presenting this resolution? Had not the Local Committee performed its full duty and more, in entertaining any of the contracts or concessions made or entered into by the Local Committee which made such a resolution necessary? What grievances did they have to insinuate such a reflection on the Local Committee? And all this resolution, which took up more space than any other, seems to have been caused by but one thing—a certain concession that the Local Committee gave to a person, which award was not agreeable to some, who tried to have that person sidetracked and the vacant space filled by one of their friends—fortunately without success. Enough trouble has already been made about this concession, and it was definitely settled—to the satisfaction of the Local Committee—some time before the convention opened. Hence, it seems strange, if that is the right word, to see the Committee on Resolutions, composed of what are thought to be some of the best men among the deaf, take their revenge in such a puerile way, merely to satisfy their friends, who were on the defeated side of that controversy. And the fact that this resolution was made by the Committee on Resolutions without all the members of that committee being aware of it, shows plainly that the one or ones actually responsible for it were ashamed to mention it to the others of the committee, but slipped it in with the other resolutions, and depended upon the scant attendance and scantier attention of those present at the last day of the convention, to pass it, and by that hoist the blame for it upon upon the members of the Association. The writer hasn't the slightest doubt that had the convention understood the resolution and its import, they would have repudiated it in scorn at the thought of thus treating the Local Committee that had given them the best time ever had at a convention.

The writer was one of the Local Committee, and since the question has risen, cannot but express his plain sentiments on this resolution and the ones who framed it; and these sentiments are supported by all the other members of the former Local Committee.

FANWOOD.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Shakespeare's tragedy, of "Coriolanus," surnamed Caius Marcius Coriolanus, was rendered by Prof. William G. Jones, before the members of the Fanwood Literary Association, on Saturday evening, at half past seven, in the chapel of the Institution. Prof. Jones is an adept in the "finger art," and his sign work is too well-known to be commented upon. The tragedy furnished an excellent treatise on the early history of Rome, and the personal distinction between patricians and plebeians. The dignity and manner of the proud but haughty patrician kept the audience spellbound till the end. The tragedy was not finished at the meeting, consequently it had to be concluded on Sunday evening. A vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Jones, and the meeting was adjourned.

The state of weather here is rather chilly, and the small pupils are anticipating winter with delight. Autumn has passed leaving trials of fallen leaves behind it, thus making room for Jack Frost to do his work. As Burns shows in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," may well be said of the weather here as follows: "November's chill blows loud wi' angry sigh."

Great excitement prevailed among the pupils concerning the great football game between Yale and Princeton. Fortunately, the sturdy sons of Eli gave the Tigers an overwhelming defeat, by the score of 12 to 0, and then the rooters for Yale turned out to cheer for the victory. This time Mrs. Curtis Wilcox, who is an ardent supporter of Yale, showed her enthusiasm by wearing a long blue necktie, and helped them cheer lustily.

Cadet Chaim Schatzkin and Max Weisberg were at the Eden Musee on Saturday last, and had a good glimpse of Powell, the magician.

The Principal is now engaged in the preparation of the 86th Annual Report. It is expected that it will be an unusually interesting number.

The pupils will have an opportunity to learn of those who have devoted their lives in the cause of the education of the deaf on Friday morning next. In the afternoon the competitive drill by companies will be held. Lieut. R. E. Huen, of the 71st Regiment, N. G. N. Y., will conduct the ceremonies.

S. C.

BUFFALO.

Mr. A. V. Ballin and Mr. W. E. Marshall each had a political meeting, the former in favor of the Democrats, and the latter of the Republicans, in this city recently. Now that the Republicans are in control of all interests in this country, we send our sympathy to Mr. Ballin and our congratulations to Mr. Marshall.

On October 28th, another business meeting of the Clerc Society was held at St. Paul's Parish House, where the election of officers for the coming year was in order, and the result of the ballots was as follows: Miss MacPhail for President, Miss Leshner for Vice-President, Mr. Staubitz for Secretary, Mr. Zink for Treasurer, and Mrs. Weil for Critic.

October 31st, under the auspices of De Sales' Literary Society, a good many people, both deaf and hearing, attended the Hallowe'en party. Three games, the Flower Contest, the City Contest, and the Advertisement Quessing Contest, were the chief attractions of that evening, and prizes, handsome ones, were awarded for these games to Mr. Staubitz, Miss MacPhail and Miss —, a hearing lady whose name the writer does not know.

In fact that the Committee, who took charge of the above party, deserve all credit for the splendid arrangement they furnished for us, everybody reported having enjoyed the evening immensely.

November 11th, the Clerc Society had a literary meeting, the first one since its re-opening last month. Several stories, jokes, and declamations were indulged in to the enjoyment of all present. A short business session immediately followed.

In one of my former letters I forgot to mention the fact that the Clerc Society has decided to donate a large sum of money to the Gallaudet Home for the Aged, in New York, and another to the Che Foo School for the Deaf, in China.

Nov. 25.—There will be a THANKSGIVING PARTY, given by the Clerc Society. A splendid time is promised to all who intend to partake in it. Admission only fifteen cents, including good refreshments. So, come, one and all. In fact, every body, both deaf and hearing, will be welcome to attend it. Five prizes will be given for games to be played that evening. Remember the date, November 25th, 1904.

Nov. 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse entertained, at their cozy home, the following visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. Klein, Messrs. Moyibahn, Mackay and Staubitz, and Misses Schweikhardt, Carroll and MacPhail.

The following clipping from the Perry, N. Y., *Record*, will interest those who know Mr. Stowell personally. Happily, the popular treasurer of the Empire State Association was not hurt at all.

The fire department was called out this morning about 10 o'clock by an alarm telephoned from the lake. A small building belonging to the Ice Company, which has been used as a poultry house, was discovered to be on fire. The building stood on the east side of the railroad track, a short distance north of the company's office. Mr. G. W. Stowell had been heating tar to cover the roofing on the poultry houses, and while he was absent from the building it is thought that the tar overflowed the kettle and set fire to the building. It was a one-story structure about 15x35 feet, and was completely destroyed. The fireman responded as soon as possible, but the building was nearly consumed when they arrived and a hot market prevented the spread of the flames. The loss will not exceed \$150.

IRELAND.

BELFAST DEAF-MUTES LITERARY SOCIETY.

Under the auspices of the above, in the Mission Hall, 11 Fisherwick Place, last night, Mrs. Alexander Lavery delivered a most interesting lecture on "Impressions of Life in New York City," every detail of which, being gathered from purely personal observation and experience, was keenly followed by the large attendance of deaf-mutes. Every phase of life that came under Mrs. Lavery's keen observation was dealt with. A hearty vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. F. Maginn, B.D., after following the lecturer with some interesting experiences of his own in New York.—*Northern Whig*, Oct. 20.

The first social meeting of the winter session was held in the mission hall on Saturday evening. The reading-rooms had been tastefully adorned by a willing band of lady workers, and the tea-tables artistically decorated by Miss Dickson, of Bangor. There was a large gathering of the deaf-mutes of Belfast, not less than 150 being present, representing all ages, from grandfathers of eighty to boys and girls of eighteen. Grace having been said by Mr. Francis Maginn, B.D., at 6.30, tea was served in the reading-room, under the supervision of Mrs. Harris, the capable lady superintendent, the catering being admirably carried out by Mr. R. Wilson, of the Ormeau Bakery.

The following ladies presided at the tea-tables:—Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Lavery, Miss Dickson, Miss M'Vecker, and Miss Wheeler. Special interest attached to the meeting, as one of its main objects was the presentation of wedding gifts to the two deaf-mute couples who had been married during the week—Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, of Ballinderry, and Mr. and Mrs. James Rice, of Belfast, all of whom have been connected with the mission hall since its foundation. After short speeches by Messrs. Rodgers and Grant, each couple was presented with a beautiful china tea-service, a handsome drawing room clock, carvers, and house linen. All the gifts had been subscribed for by the deaf themselves. A Bible was also presented to each couple by Mr. Francis Maginn. After the presentation, a song, "Home, Sweet Home," was gracefully rendered in the sign language by Miss Martha Wilson, who has recently returned from Chicago; and a pantomime, entitled "A Tramp Abroad," was cleverly executed by Messrs. Dunwoody and R. Smith. A beautiful recital of the "Old Hundredth" was given by some of the members, and the benediction, pronounced by Mr. Francis Maginn, brought to a close a very happy evening, which afforded another proof of the really good work which the mission hall is doing amongst the deaf and dumb.

—*Belfast News-Letter*, Oct. 31.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all. The Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9	6	4	1	12
23	20	18	15	26

MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
12	9	7	4
26	23	21	18

You are asked to show your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

Much of the country through which the Siberian Railway passes had never been traversed by white men before the surveyors came.

Concerning Proctor's

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 21st.

Isabell Irving supported by Wilfred North, late of Mrs. Fiske's Company, and other well known players will be the principal attraction at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre next week, appearing in Zangwill's clever playlet "Six Persons," under the immediate supervision of the author, who holds the theory that perfect production can only be obtained by co-operation between the author himself and the actor. The sketch illustrates a remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes that six persons are really represented in every conversation, the two who are speaking, the two as they wish to be thought of, and the two as they regard themselves. "The Greatest Thing in the World," by Harriet Ford, authoress of "A Gentleman of France," and Mrs. H. C. De Mille, will be given by the Proctor stock company. Vaudeville between the acts, and the Motion Pictures.

One of the most notable accomplishments has been the engagement by Mr. F. F. Proctor of Miss Isabelle Irving and a company, to present Israel, Zangwill's sketch "Six Persons." The McWatters Tyson Company, two decidedly clever young people who are supported by their own company, will make scenic production of some of Mr. McWatters' songs, while he will also reproduce the late Professor Hermann's celebrated Hindoo basket mystery. Mary Dupont and her sketch company will present "A Leap Year Leap," while the Eight Vassar Girls offer a capital singing and dancing specialty. Hal Merritt an artist in chalk and colors introduces a series of illustrations in connection with a bright little monologue, and the Exposition Four offer instrumental and vocal music of more than ordinary excellence. Others on the bill are Barto and Lafferty, singers and dancers; Lillian Ashley, a singer; Chalk Saunders, Naomi Ethardo, equilibrist; Hilbert and Burt, singers and dancers; Waldorf and Mendez comedy acrobats; and the Motion Pictures.

"The Stubbness of Geraldine" the play by Clyde Fitch, in which Mary Manning scored a decided success and which was given a most satisfactory revival at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last week, has been transferred to the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street house, where it will be presented by the stock company resident there headed by William J. Kelly and Beatrice Morgan, and including Riley Chamberlain, Julian Reed, H. Dudley Hawley, Albert Howson, Bessie Barriscale, Lilla Vane and others. All the original scenery, including the famous representation of the deck of the ship, will be employed, and the performance in every way will duplicate the original production. Wolf and Milton with their acrobatic specialty, in which many of their tricks are accomplished with the aid of a billiard table supplied with an elastic center, will head the vaudeville contingent, with the Watermelon Trust, Corbely and Burke, Irish comedians; Mr. and Mrs. Larry Shaw, and the Motion Pictures as other attractions.

THE EDEN MUSEE.

Every possible effort is being made by the management of the Eden Musee to secure new and attractive features. New Wax Groups representing historical scenes and current events have been placed on exhibition, and hundreds of dainty figures are being prepared for the holidays. Powell, the wonderful Magician, and those skillful Jugglers, the Majiltons, have extended their engagement, and are proving more interesting than ever. Powell is not only the natural successor of Hermann, but his feats are the most wonderful ever preformed. The Majiltons do a host of funny and difficult acts, and keep the visitors laughing. These clever artists appear at three o'clock in the afternoon and at nine each evening. The new moving Pictures just placed on exhibition are more interesting than any ever shown at the Musee. Among them are scenes in and about the famous cities of Europe and bits of scenery in foreign lands that are most interesting to travellers. There are a number of mysterious pictures of a startling but interesting character. A number of War Views and scenes, including the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany and the King and Queen of England are also shown. The afternoon and evening Concerts form so attractive a part of the Musee that they should not be missed. The programme at each Concert is made up of popular and classical music, and every member of the Orchestra is an artist. The Musee building has been renovated both inside and out, and altogether is one of the most attractive amusement places in New York City.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

27—10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
2:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.
6:30 P.M., Trinity, Haverhill.

Service every Friday at the New England Home at 7:45 P.M.

S. STANLEY SEARING.

Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
664 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK.

Pinochle Tournament For Prizes.

A PLEASANT PARTY.

News in Brief.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The pinochle tournament under the auspices of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, in which twenty members took part, came off last Saturday evening. It was a hotly-contested battle, where skill, prudence and judgment were called into play and no one could tell who would capture the cash prize until the very last moment, when two teams tied at the end of the tournament amidst great excitement, and then they matched against each other for the deciding game. Messrs. Nubor and Bachrach beat Messrs. Alexander and Levy. The former got sixty per cent of the net proceeds accrued from entry fees, and the second team took forty per cent. The popular game, being of German origin, and in keeping with it, three cases of Pabst beer, four quarts of sauerkraut, fifteen pounds of Gomprecht frankfurters and six dozen rye rolls, were consumed with astonishing but pleasing avidity. "Teddy" Rose was the chef and the head and shoulders above all of the culinary department, and exclamations of praise were showered upon him for cooking up things that tickled the palates to a T. There were about ten on-lookers, who also took part in the annihilation of the overpowering but appetizing Teutonic foods. When the game was over, President Nubor mounted a chair (the platform being put out of the way) and read a testimonial signed by many of the members, which referred in glowing terms to the arduous and faithful services Theodore S. Rose always rendered to the Union League in the past, and also a five-dollar gold coin was presented to him as a token of appreciation of his labors in taking care of the rooms so well and his willingness to take charge of the refreshment end of all the affairs. The Union League is paying him a salary as custodian besides.

The next affair of the Union League will be the second whist tournament on November 30th. There were twice as many hearing ladies at the first whist party last month, as there were deaf ones, and it is to be hoped that the order of things would be reversed next time.

To celebrate the birthday of her mother, Mrs. L. Gibbs gave a delightful party last Saturday, at their home, 331 W. 21 Street, New York. About fifty-five persons were present. Mrs. L. Gibbs, who is an extremely pretty lady, received her guests in the main parlor. She wore a gown of white nun's veiling banded with white silk, white asters nestling in her hair and bunched at the waist completed her toilet. The floral decorations in the dinner room were superb. A long table seating twenty-six persons occupied the center of the room, white chrysanthemums, American beauty roses, pink carnations and ferns were the flowers used in the table decorations, a real old-fashioned English dinner was served, a special feature of the dinner was the individual English mince pies, the recipe of which has been handed down for years in English families.

Mrs. L. Gibbs comes from a noble English family. After dinner John Reilly started the fun with his funny jokes, Mr. J. H. Van Seggar stayed in the main room helping himself to the wine. He could be heard pulling the corks. Mrs. L. Gibbs was so overjoyed, she did not know what to say, only "Thank you all." It would take the whole JOURNAL to write it all, if I am to be kept on writing it all down.

The deaf-mute guests who were there are Miss Louise McCathor, Margaret Mullaly, Nora Joyce, Catherine Everett, with many others and hearing persons.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. F. Roberts and their guests, Mrs. Robert Beers, of Bridgeport, and Mrs. C. Miller Chase, of Winsted, Ct., took a ride in the subway from City Hall to 145th St. After a short call on Rev. and Mrs. Chamberlain, they started from 145th Street on express and reached 36th Street and Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, in 65 minutes from the time they left 145th Street, which they considered very good time.

Mrs. Beers and Mrs. Chase left for home a few days after.

The following is from the White Plains Daily Record of November 9th, and refers to Misses Kummer, Penall and Ehrlich: "Three New

York young ladies, all deaf, that came to White Plains to visit W. A. McCloskey and wife, of East Barker Avenue, on Sunday, got lost and wandered off to Greenridge Avenue, where Harvey Husted found them and Irving Tompkins acted as guide to the McCloskey home."

Although last Sunday was a terribly stormy day, Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet attended the service at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, at which Lay-Reader Keiser officiated. After the service Miss Gallaudet had a warm greeting for every one of the deaf who had braved the elements to be present.

Hugh Miner, one of the inmates of the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, has been in a New York hospital for four weeks, receiving treatment for some skin affection. He is very much improved, and on Tuesday last took a stroll up to Fanwood.

On Election Day, the rooms of the League of Elect Surds were crowded with friends, watching the election returns from the windows, as they were thrown upon a canvas curtain by the New York World's stereopticon.

Congressman Goldfogle was re-elected by a majority of 341—the same figures (314) on the ballot his deaf-mute brother, Mr. Alexander Goldfogle, had last election day. Do you not think that it is curious?

Capt. Jim Mahoney, the clam digger of Canarsie, has closed his boat house for the winter, and is going back to the cigar making trade until Spring comes around.

Mr. J. H. Van Seggar recently bagged four wild ducks and a meadow hen, with a couple of snipes, out in Jamaica Bay.

Mr. Wm. Brown can be seen nowadays at Engine Company No. 136, where he will pass the winter time until the baseball fever comes around.

The Brooklyn D. M. A. C. will have a boat club down Jamaica Bay the coming Spring.

A subscriber asks: What has become of Mr. R. Boswell. Has the earth swallowed him?

An Official Reply.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am directed by the President of the Brooklyn Guild to make a reply to "G," under the articles in your valuable paper, in order to defend the good name of the Society.

What were the motives of "G," that prompted him to become a Chronic Carper? Does the public care for his brilliant writings reflecting on the fair name of the Guild?

Now I say to "G," that the Brooklyn Guild will overlook his faults, but will do the best it can, to earn the confidence of the kind readers of your paper and others.

That is all there is to it, and no more at present. I am

Yours respectfully,
W. G. GILBERT,
Rec. Sec'y.

Deaf and Dumb Soldiers.

Three companies, composing a military battalion of deaf-mutes, so skillfully drilled that they rank with the finest regiments of the National Guard, illustrates what is being done in a New York institution for the deaf and dumb. The young men who compose the five and drum corps cannot hear a note, and yet their music is inspiring. Visitors who have witnessed the drills say that it is almost incredible that those so afflicted should thus overcome their handicap. The battalion is led by a tall young man with a military air, dressed in gray and wearing a regulation army cap and carrying a sword. While the boys cannot cheer when they unfurl the flag, their feelings are apparent in glowing cheeks and shining eyes. —The Young People's Weekly.

CHURCH NOTICES.

SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT,
NOVEMBER 20TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.
St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Bible Class in St. Ann's Guild Room, 2:30 P.M.

Thanksgiving Day, Holy Communion in St. Ann's Church, 10:30 A.M.

Social in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, November 22d. Free to all with welcome.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

OHIO.

How Big was Ohio's Vote.

DEAF TRY IFOR PRIZES.

Brevities.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Presidential election was of course the main topic of interest here as elsewhere, during the week, and on the night of the election the boys of the higher classes were allowed after study hour and go up town to see the result displayed on canvas. This year, there was no trouble to learn the result, as all the newspapers displayed them on canvas and between waits the audiences were regaled with moving pictures, as well as likenesses of prominent politicians. As to the result of the battle, the people have rendered their verdict in accordance with an aphorism of the late Senator Hanna: "Let well enough alone." Ohio seems to stand second in the list of rolling up a big majority—250,000 and a few hundred. The question now is how big a vote did Ohio poll?

We know of a number of deaf who put on their guessing caps and endeavored to hit the exact number or near to it, so as to win a prize of from \$35,000 or \$25,000 down to \$5, offered by two of the Cincinnati papers. As yet little is known of the total vote of the State. Four years ago it was 1,049,121, and the big Republican majority of this year would indicate a much larger vote, but since the election it has been found that there was a big slump in the Democratic vote, and the wise ones say that when the returns are all in it will be found that the vote is 200,000 short of two years ago. But whatever the case, we hope when the full returns are in, those of the deaf who tried their luck will share in the awards. But if they do not, they will at least get something in return for their money, the weekly paper for a year. Two guesses were allowed for a year's subscription to the periodical.

Superintendent Byers, of the Home, can now add J. P. following his name. He was nominated as one of the two Justices of the Peace of Blenden Township, in which the Home is situated, and at the election last Tuesday, came out a victor.

Mr. Henry J. Swords, of Springfield, was mingling with Institution people Sunday. He reports the deaf of his town all busy at work, and doing well.

Reports from Fostoria, O., are to the effect that Mr. Wm. Gracey is slowly recovering from the attack of typhoid fever. His brother has sold his interest in the Vienna Bakery, and may later move to Virginia to engage in other business.

The Rev. A. W. Mann officiated at the Columbus Mission, Wednesday evening, November 9th. He preached from the text: "The Lord is at hand." At the close of the service he gave an account of the late General Convention, at Boston.

Miss A. B. Greener and Miss Bessie Edgar, visiting Committee of the Ladies' Aid Society, spent Saturday at the Home to ascertain what was needed in the rooms under the Society's care.

Mr. August Beckert, Boys' Supervisor, went to his home Saturday, so as to be there Tuesday to exercise the right of casting his ballot for President. He returned on the evening of the latter day.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Elsey have gone to the latter's home in Hardin County. Mr. Elsey will remain until Wednesday, while Mrs. Elsey and the children will not return until after Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. John Walz, who but recently moved back to Dayton from here, will soon be residents of Piqua. Mr. Walz has secured a job in a stove works there and intends to keep house.

The Institution folks and hearing teachers enjoyed a couple hours of song and music in the B center, Monday evening, given by Miss Scott, a cousin of Miss Fannie Walker, Miss Edith Roberts and Profs. Callis and Grigsby.

Another Normal Student has been added—Miss Mary Parker, of Upper Sandusky.

The Second Independents went up to Westernville Saturday and played with the Third team of Otterbein University. Victory rested with the Independents, 16 to 0.

This morning the First Independents went up to Ada, in charge of Mr. Winemiller, to play the Normal School team this afternoon.

Mrs. Annie Lincoln Knapp was visiting old associates of the institution this week.

During the week some of the boys busied themselves clearing the grounds of the dead trees scattered here and there. Some more planted thirty or forty years ago are showing signs of having seen their best days and will have to be cut down.

Mrs. Wm. L. Sawhill spent a week with friends in Pittsburg and

Braddock, and meanwhile her lord and master had to keep bachelor's hall. She returned home last Saturday.

The recorder of Hancock County secured a re-election Tuesday, and that means another term of Mr. Preston L. Stevenson as deputy recorder. He has held that position for a number of years.

Nov. 12, '04. A. B. G.

The Deaf-Mute Ancestor of the King of Italy.

(Translated from the French by F. H. O'Donnell.)

The official visit paid some time since by the King and Queen of Italy to the President of the French Republic called forth from the world of historians a mass of matter relative to the House of Savoy.

The following hitherto unpublished particular has never been questioned.

One of the direct ancestors of King Victor Emanuel III was a deaf-mute. The affliction did not prevent the prince from playing a political role and supplementing with his intelligence the inferior condition of his physical being.

This ancestor of the King of Italy was the Prince Emanuel Philibert de Carignan of the younger branch of the Royal Family, which became the reigning branch in 1831 on the accession of Charles Albert of Sardinia, the descendant of the Prince of Carignan. This Charles Albert was the last king of Sardinia, and his son, Victor Emmanuel II, was the first king of Italy. Humbert who succeeded him, was, as everybody knows, the father of the present king. Hence the line of descent is perfectly direct and clear.

Prince Emanuel Philibert Carignan was born deaf in 1630 at Turin. From his infancy every effort was made to teach him to speak artistically. M. de Vangeias was his first instructor; then an Italian, Vincenzo Barini, occupied himself with his education, and at last succeeded, as some succeed to-day, in teaching him to speak some words.

The Duke of St. Simon wrote the following brief account of the deaf prince in his memoirs:—

"As the deaf prince showed all the spirit, sense, and intelligence of which his condition was capable, the cruel infirmity afflicted so much the more the Royal House of Savoy."

"After having tried every possible cure, his parents at last took an extreme course. They gave him up entirely to the care of a man who promised to make him hear and speak. This instructor assumed the charge on the sole condition that the family would in no wise interfere for several years with whatever he would do for the deaf prince."

"The success of it was such that he restored hearing to him aided by the movements of the lips and some gestures understanding everything, reading, writing, and even speaking, although with considerable difficulty."

"The Prince profited by the many sore lessons he had received, and applied himself with so much spirit, will, and sagacity to his tasks, that he acquired a knowledge of several languages, some sciences, and perfected himself in history. He thoroughly understood good politics, so that he was much consulted on affairs of State; and in turn, he was made more of an account of his ability than of his rank as a Prince. There, throughout a long life, this prodigy conducted his little Court with much dignity."

It is also recorded that this young deaf-mute Prince distinguished himself by his bravery at the Siege of Pavia in 1655. He was married in 1684 to Angelica d'Este of the House of Modena, by whom he had one child.

Philip V., King of Spain and grandson of Louis XIV, King of France, entrusted Prince Emanuel Philibert de Carignan to negotiate the arrangements for his marriage with Marie Louise of Savoy. It was this deaf-mute prince who asked the hand of the young princess for his royal patron.

During the war of the Spanish Succession in 1696, he was taken prisoner with his family at the Siege of Mondoir. La Feuille, his conqueror, set him free "on parole," to retire into a chateau in the neighborhood. The deaf-mute prince died in 1709, at the age of 79 years.

King Louis XIV put his Court in mourning for fifteen days and sent an autograph letter of condolence in reply to the announcement of the death which he had received from the son of the deceased.

This son, Prince Victor-Amedee, was himself the grandfather of the unfortunate Princess de Lambelle a victim of the French Revolution, and of Prince Vitor Amedee de Carignan, the great grandfather of Victor Emanuel, "le roi gulant," the grandfather of King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy.

It is indeed quite curious to remark, that the young King who was a short time since received with such acclamation in Paris, is the descendant in a direct line from a deaf and dumb prince, a deaf-mute whose intelligence was universally recognized and who, better than many others more favored by nature, played a remarkable part in the political role of his times. —From Journal des Sourds-Muets.

PHILADELPHIA.

Suggestions Concerning the Home.

MORE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Wiping Out the Church Debt.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

According to the Sunday North American, Nov. 13th, application has been made to the Managers of the Annual Charity Ball to give the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf a share in the proceeds of the ball, which will take place at the Academy of Music, on the evening of Wednesday, January 25th, 1905. There are thirteen applications in all, of which four or five will be chosen, as the beneficiaries.

It thus appears that some influential person or persons are urging the cause of the Home, and, whether successful or not, they have our bountiful thanks.

However, unless the Managers can be induced to depart from an established rule, there is little or no hope that the Home will be one of the favored few. If the papers reported correctly, this rule prescribes that "No institution or society can participate in the share of the proceeds of the Charity Ball unless it is in Philadelphia or within ten miles of the city, and has a plant and an annual income of at least \$5,000."

Doylestown is thirty-four (34) miles from Philadelphia, and therefore the Home stands no chance at all in the competition, provided that the Managers strictly follow the letter of the rule.

This disqualification of the Home to share in the proceeds of Philadelphia Society's biggest annual event, has aroused the following thoughts in our mind.

(1) Location.—It might be advisable for other reasons for the Home to be within ten miles of Philadelphia. There are hundreds of charitable institutions within the city limits, and it is extremely doubtful that many of these could thrive long if located thirty miles or so away from the city.

(2) Support.—The nearer to the city the Home was, the more it would be known and seen and helped. As it is, many have got the notion that Philadelphia, being the largest city in the State, should contribute several times as much as other cities in the State, in proportion to numbers. But it is hardly reasonable to expect of the Philadelphia deaf so much of what the deaf of other places fail to do. If each city in the State would only do half as much for the Home as Philadelphia is doing, the Home would be able to get along smoothly. Hence, before exacting from Philadelphia her full measure, it would help the Home more to bring more cities to its aid.

With the above quoted rule of the Charity Ball Managers in mind, we see a reason or excuse for denying our Home valuable aid by the Philadelphia public, and, from the spirit of it, it is also likely that many of our charitably inclined people will look upon the Home as a Bucks County institution that ought to be taken care of by that County's rich. While not a County institution, it nevertheless receives consideration there on account of its distance from the city.

If the Home was dependent upon and received State aid, its support would not be such a vexed question and its location would be of less importance.

(3) Future.—It may not be too late to get into the right location. The Home has been started, and the experience that is being gained should prove valuable. As the years grow, we also expect the Home to grow. Instead of enlarging the present building at great cost, it might be preferable to remove to another location. Upon the wise judgment of the Trustees depends the permanent success of the Home, and we think they should not only be content with the present location but also look into future conditions as the light of experience may direct.

In giving these thoughts, we do not wish any one to think that we are opposing the present location of the Home. Our object is chiefly to call attention to what seems an unlooked for condition—a condition of disqualification, as shown above. In connection with it, it should be remembered that the site in Doylestown was only chosen because of it being the best bargain found then. The Trustees did the best thing they could do by their choice. The question now is whether they can do better by selling the present property and choosing a new location. If not, the Home should stay where it is. Understand!

We are able to report the following additional donations to the Home, through Secretary Ziegler:—

DONATIONS FROM THE LEBANON DEAF-MUTES.

Miss Minnie Meyer—1 bag of flour and 1 can of syrup.
Mr. Charles Buchter—6 packages cornstarch.
Miss Mildred I. Zeller—2 pounds rice, 2 pounds coffee, 2 pounds dried pears, 2 packages butter biscuits, 2 boxes noodles, and two bottles catsup.
Mrs. W. F. Lohse—1 can peaches, 1 can plums, 2 jars jelly, and 1 pumpkin.
Mr. Walter Tobias—98 cents worth of provisions.
Miss Louise Eisenhauer—1 can tomatoes, 2 cans corn, 2 boxes cocoa, 1 package cornmeal, and 1 can salmon.

DONATIONS FROM THE EMPLOYEES OF THE LEBANON INDUSTRIAL WORKS.

Mr. A. G. Reizenstein—2 cans tomatoes, 2 cans pears, 2 cans corn, 3 cans beans, 1 box gelatine, 1 pound chocolate.
Miss Ella Reizenstein—1 bag of flour, 1 can cocoa, 1 pound cake.
Miss Virginia I. Shay—2 bags cornmeal.
Mr. and Mrs. G. Shay—1 can peaches, 1 jar strawberry jelly.
Miss Mabel Kimmel—1 package oatmeal.
Miss Nettie Stains—2 packages oatmeal.
Miss Annie Bechtold—1 pound rice, 1 pound beefsteak.
Dorothy Brodbeck—1 pound coffee.
Miss Maggie March—2 packages oatmeal.
Miss Margaret McDewitt—2 packages oatmeal.
Miss Mary Coppenhauer—2 cans corn.
Miss Mary Fritzbone—2 glasses jelly.
Mr. Harry Lohse—3 packages biscuits.
Mrs. Cummings—2 pounds granulated sugar.
Miss Milla Patsche—1 jar of peaches.
Miss Sule Michener—1 jar of pears.
Miss Rosy Michener—1 jar jelly.
Miss Bertha Packman—1 pound beans, 1 pound crackers.
Miss Maggie Gockley—1 pound jelly.
Miss Anne Kraus—2 bags of cornmeal.
Mr. Klein—2 boxes cocoa.
Miss Irene Lentz—2 cans corn.
Mrs. Heilig's Department—1 package salt, 2 package oatmeal, 9 pounds sugar, 1 package butter biscuits, 2 pounds lima beans, 1 pound sweet snitz, 2 packages biscuits, 12 pounds beans, 5 pounds rice, and 2 pounds coffee.
Miss Annie Broadbeck—1 can beans, and 1 pound rice.
Ida Lisse—1 pumpkin, and 2 pounds of sugar.
Mrs. S. M. Fry—1 pound rice, 1 pound coffee, and 2 pounds sugar.
Ellen Dine—2 pounds sugar.
Mrs. Shott—2 glasses jelly.
Bella Jackson—1 can beans, 1 can tomatoes, 1 bag flour, and 1 piece soap.
Mrs. Phillipy—1 can tomatoes.
Laundry Department—1 can beans, 1 can tomatoes, 1 can crab apples, 3 pounds bean soup, 3 packages biscuits, 2 cans pears, 2 pounds sugar, 1 package Force, 1 jar jelly, 3 pounds rice, 1 package rolled oats, 1 package coffee, and 1 can tomatoes.
Miss A. Lamber's Department—1 pound rice, 3 pounds sugar, and 4 pounds beans.
Miss C. Embrech's Department—3 pounds beans, 2 pounds sugar, and 1 can corn.
Mrs. Louser—1 pound beans.
Ida Haldeman—2 pounds beans.
Ella Kercher—1 jar crab jelly, and 1 package biscuits.
Ethel and Ruth Kiscarden—2 cabbage heads.
Matilda Dallany—1 pound coffee.
Lizzie Schuetz—1 pumpkin.
Sallie Uhler—A few pounds dried apples.
Minnie Trout—2 cans tomatoes.
Lizzie Freeman—1 box cocoa.

Besides the above the Lebanon people, through Mr. Charles Buchter, also sent cash donations amounting to nine dollars, which will be accounted for by the Treasurer of the Donation Committee, Mr. F. A. Leitner.

DONATION FROM MOUNT HOLLY, (CUMBERLAND CO., PA.), PAPER MILLS, THROUGH B. R. ALLEBOUGH.

One case of all kinds of paper—Tablets, blank books, note paper, legal cap paper, etc., weighing 100 pounds.

ALLENTOWN LOCAL BRANCH, FOR MORTGAGE FUND OF HOME.

Oscar Young 25
William Fernekes 50
George Andrews 50
Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Krause 1 00
Mr. and Mrs. C. Bragby 1 00

The people of All Souls' parish are laboring incessantly to get out of debt. Since last Easter, they have paid off something over \$400, besides contributing to other objects. But, while the old debt was being attended to, there was hardly any money to pay the current expenses and other needs of the church, so that the church continues in debt now. Then, also, not much could be done during the summer season in the way of raising money and the Church ran behind some. A determined effort to extinguish the debt began early in the Fall and will continue until success is attained, which it is hoped will not be very long. New schemes are being launched one after another and the people are showing great patience and working in unison with their Pastor. It must be said to the credit of Rev. Mr. Dantzer that he is doing all a pastor can do in this matter. It remains for the parishioners to do their part—not a few, but all of them. That they will do so we confidently expect; for we take it for granted that they all wish to see prosperity in their church and to reap its fruits. The help of friends will also be welcome and gratefully appreciated.

One of the new schemes to raise money in aid of the church will be a "Thanksgiving Reception to Youth and Old Age," to be given on Thursday evening, November 24th, in the Guild Room of the Church. There will be no admission price charged, but every person is expected to hand in a little bag containing a penny for every year of his or her age, or as much more as one may wish to give. The bags are being distributed, or may be had upon request. A prize will be given to the one with the most money in his or her bag. A very pleasant evening's entertainment is being arranged.

Encourage your Pastor by your presence, and help at this event. In so doing, you not only please him but help your church to prosperity. Besides, you have an opportunity to pass an enjoyable evening with many of your friends. All this for a little sum of money (for there are not many over fifty years of age) and do you know that the good from it redounds to you. It is like giving your money to the church through one door and receiving it back through another door. That is if you are smart enough to value sufficiently the privileges which the church gives you. I know that many willingly contribute fifty cents or more to pay for refreshments at a party in a small-roomed house. Now, think how much more the church needs their support, and how much more it gives in return!

The Gallaudet Club will hold a special meeting at the home of Mr. Wm. F. Dorian, in West Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, 19th.

A sad and distressing accident be fell Mr. James T. Young, of this city on Election Day. We are only able to give a general account of the accident. While at work in the brass works, where he has been employed for a number of years, he was told to do some cleaning under a heavy metallic body which had been hoisted up to permit a man to crawl under. Unfortunately, the hoisting-machine proved defective, and was not noticed until the heavy metal had almost crushed out the life of Mr. Young. He suffered a fracture of a hip bone and other painful injuries about the head and body—and was removed to the Hahnemann Hospital, where the doctors pronounced his injuries very serious. Hope, however, is felt for his recovery, though he will be confined to the hospital three months or longer. An operation will then be necessary. Mr. Young's employer is greatly grieved over the accident, which would have happened to any man ordered to do the work, and has offered to make repayment.

Miss Eva Oakes, daughter of Mr. James Oakes, was married to Mr. Harry Lyond, on Wednesday evening, November 9th.

Thursday evening, 10th inst., before the Cleric Literary Association, Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett gave a reading of "Ivan the Serf." Not only was it highly interesting, but Mr. Lipsett's delivery was very clear and graceful.

Mrs. David O. Blair, of Steelton was a visitor at All Souls' on Sunday. Thursday, November 10th, Miss Mary Miller, aged 80, began her life at the Home. She was accompanied there by Miss Dautzer, Mrs. Syle, Miss Reidy, Miss Kintzel, Mrs. Harper and friend, Mrs. George Campbell, and another deaf lady.

Miss Emily R. Hamilton is visiting the Ash family, in Phoenixville, for a few days.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox, of New York, will deliver a reading before the Philadelphia Local Branch, on Saturday evening, November 26th, at Harrison Hall.

Miss Lou H. Little arrived in Philadelphia on Saturday, and on Monday left for New York.

Mrs. Helen Weil Dead.

ESTIMABLE LADY, FOR SEVERAL YEARS A RESIDENT, DIED LAST NIGHT.

The following, taken from the Anderson, S. C., Daily Mail, refers to the mother of Mrs. M. Heyman, whose maiden name was Nettie Weil. Mrs. Weil was well known to many of the deaf of Pennsylvania.

"Mrs. Helen Weil died at her home, at the corner of Mc Duffie and Earle Streets, shortly after 10 o'clock last night.

"Mrs. Weil had been a resident of Anderson for the past six years, coming here in 1888 with her son, Mr. J. H. Weil, from Plymouth, Pa., where she had resided for many years. She had a pleasant and sociable disposition, and soon made numerous friends among the people of the city who learned to know her. She was stricken with paralysis last February, and had been an invalid ever since. The paralytic stroke was the cause of her death, which had not been unexpected for months.

"Mrs. Weil was 75 years old and was a native of Germany, but came to this country many years ago. She lived at Plymouth, Pa., most of her life, and her husband, Mr. Abraham Weil, died at that place. She is survived by five children—Mr. J. H. Weil, Mrs. S. Strauss and Mrs. A. Lesser, of this city, Mr. Isaac A. Weil of Plymouth, Pa., and Mrs. M. Heyman, of New York City.

"The body will be carried to the old family home in Pennsylvania for interment, leaving Anderson at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A LECTURE.

Prof. W. G. Jones will deliver a lecture in the Guild Rooms of St. Ann's Church, on Saturday, the 26th of November. His subject is to be "Medea," a very exciting tragedy.

Admission will be fifteen cents.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Old Hilly Newburgh, has after a brief silence, awoken to take and interest in writing about the doings of the deaf-mutes here in the heart of the Hilly City.

A man that does not think of himself, and lives for himself, and that diminishes his own happiness by propounding that of others, is far happier than the man that makes himself the sole subject of all his own affections and exertions. Such has been the case with Mr. J. H. Dobbs and accomplice, Mr. C. D. Edmonston, by tendering a very enjoyable Hallowe'en Surprise party to the Misses Lizzie and Katie Ogle, at their residence on Hudson Street, on the evening of Saturday, October 29th. They were mostly made to believe by their sister May, who was in the secret, that their aunt of New Jersey was coming to pay them a visit. The only and genial Tom Orman played the role of a sick boy. He met Mr. William Ogle on the street down town, and begged him to take him to his home before he got worse. Of course, such a fellow as Mr. William Ogle, who has a big heart, could not refuse such delicate pleadings of his chum, although he was well aware he would be responsible for Tom's doctor bills, but when they entered the house and seeing how Tom had fooled him, he stood rooted to the spot, and for a few minutes was unable to stir or lift his arms. Great surprise was written on his face, as well as on that of the rest were not in the secret.

A complimentary speech was made by Mr. J. H. Dobbs. Mr. C. D. Edmonston followed Mr. Dobbs, and referred chiefly to Mr. William Ogle for extending a helping hand willingly to the deaf-mutes of Newburgh on their Clam Chowder Outing at Plum Point on Labor Day, which was a very pleasant affair, and in behalf of the deaf-mutes and of their appreciation of his good will toward them, Mr. J. H. Dobbs, with Mr. C. D. Edmonston, presented him with a handsome parlor sofa and a very pretty parlor lamp.

Mr. William Ogle, as stated above was taken by surprise, was now even more so, and when called to make a speech, could only say "Thank you, my friends."

A very enjoyable evening was spent by all, and a flash light picture of there present was taken.

The contest for diving for apples in a tub of water was very amusing and closely contested.

An apple suspended on a string was won by H. C. Jondozkoma, and received a glass cake dish with a silver handle. The peeling potatoes contest between Mrs. C. Jondozkoma nee Miss Costigan, of Albany, and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, was won by the latter, and the prize was a pretty framed picture.

A chess game between Mr. Robert Ogle and Mr. C. Q. Mann was won by Mr. Robert Ogle; the coveted prize was a silver match case.

The finding of a hidden article was luckily won by Miss Georgie Dobbs, and she received a very pretty wood-carved frame for a small picture.

For the managing and serving of the refreshments credit is due to Miss Sarah Edmonston and Mrs. C. Q. Mann.

Among those present were Miss Dorothy Wolfersteig, of Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. C. Q. Mann, of Yonkers; Mr. K. Terbush, of Matteawan; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wygant, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dobbs, Miss Georgie Dobbs, and Messrs. Percy and Tommy Dobbs, Misses Sarah Edmonston, Agnes Russell and Mary A. Riley, Messrs. C. D. Edmonston and Tom Orman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jondozkoma and Mrs. Julia Edmonston and Mr. David L. Edmonston and Miss Mamie Callendar, Misses Lizzie and Katie Ogle and their father, Messrs. Robert, William and David Ogle, Mrs. Mary Fitzpatrick, a sister of the Ogles, and her husband and son.

Much to our regret Mrs. Sarah Linderman, of Cold Spring, and Mr. and Mrs. James Thorne, of Pride Farm, Walkill, N. Y., failed to respond to our invitation.

Miss Dorothy Wolfersteig and her mother spent a few days in Newburgh as the guests of Miss Agnes Russell. Miss Wolfersteig is a very charming lady, and very easily makes friends.

One pleasant Sunday found Misses Edmonston and Lizzie Ogle, Agnes Russell and the writer wending their way to Fishkill to take a train for Cold Spring, to pay Mr. and Mrs. Linderman, a visit. We were extended a warm welcome by them and were made to feel at home. They are a very industrious couple, and are comfortably settled and have four bright children, which are likely to be a credit to them.

Mr. Merritt Ostrander, formerly of Kingston, N. Y., but now a resident of Jersey City, stopped here on his way to Kingston, to cast his vote for the presidency, and was the guest of Mr. C. D. Edmonston, and by turns called on the deaf-mutes here, who were glad to see and chat with him, as he is possessed of much intelligence, and is a very good conversationalist, which we enjoy so much whenever he drops in Newburgh.

Sunday, October 3d, Mr. C. Q. Mann held a very interesting service in the chapel of the Good Shepherd. There was a fair and larger attendance than usual. He is going to give us a reading on "The Last Days of Pompeii," some time in the future. We hope we will not have to wait long for the treat.

Having occasion to see his daughter Susie, who works in New York, one Saturday, Mr. John H. Dobbs took advantage of the ample time he had before leaving for Newburgh to visit the scene of his school days at Fanwood, and was taken around the buildings, and the new addition to it, and was surprised at the changes and many improvements since he graduated, and had much praise for all these changes. He had the pleasure of chatting with Dr. Thomas F. Fox and Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson.

"Wished he was a boy again."

Miss Ruth Edmonston is home again after a very pleasant week's visit with her niece, Mrs. Bessie Page, in New York.

Mrs. John H. Dobbs recently took a trip to New Jersey City, to see her sister, Mrs. Annie Wilkes.

Mr. Loss, of Hudson, N. Y., was in town recently.

Mr. Thomas Orman is the happy owner of a handsome horse and a turnout. He is sometimes seen driving out, holding his head high.

Sunday morning a few inches of snow fell, but an hour after nothing of it was left, much to the disappointment of boys, owners of sleds.

If Miss Hannah Henry is still in the land of the living, will she confer a favor by writing to friends in Newburgh.

MOLLIE

Whist Social

under the auspices of the
Deaf-Mutes' Benevolent Society

of
CONNECTICUT
for the benefit of the Sick and Death Funds

on
Saturday evening, Nov. 19th,
at the
REPUBLICAN HALL,
Temple Street, Cor. Crown Street,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Admission, - - - Fifty Cents

The hall is ten minutes walk from the depot. It will be open all night.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:
Fred Rock,
Elise K. Weis, Lena G. Burke.

Basket Ball.

Saturday Eve.,
Nov. 19th.

DOUBLE BILL

GIRLS GAME
MADISON ACADEMY
VS. **ST. CECILIA**

ALSO

"SILENT FIVE"
VS. **FORDHAM COLLEGE**

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1905 EVENT OF THE SEASON



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ANNUAL

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Saturday Evening, Jan. 28, '05

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THREE DAYS' FAIR

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

IN THE GUILD ROOM

148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue

Five minutes walk from Subway Station, 145th St., and Broadway.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

December 15th, 16th, 17th, 1904

Three to Ten-Thirty P.M.

Season Ticket, - - - Ten Cents

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Masquerade Ball & Carnival

OF THE

BROOKLYN CLUB
OF DEAF-MUTES

AT

Liederkrantz Hall

152 and 154 Manhattan Ave.
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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday Evening,
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Music by Prof. Ambrose K. Reiff.

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Prizes will be awarded the ladies and gentlemen best portraying the subjects they represent.
To reach Hall, take Bushwick Avenue or Graham Avenue trolley cars.

TO THE PUBLIC

A three days' Fair will be held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 15th, 16th and 17th, from three to ten-thirty P.M. As you will see from the dates, the Fair will be held about one week before Christmas. The Board of Managers wish to announce that they are ready to receive donations of money and goods to furnish the various tables, and we hope to have a large and varied assortment of goods, suitable for Christmas gifts, and for general utility.

Visitors would confer a great favor on us by looking at our stock before making purchases of gifts for their relatives and friends. They will be sure to find something to satisfy themselves that could not be duplicated at any large store in the city.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes is doing valuable work among the deaf of this city and vicinity. It needs money to make some needed improvements and to assist in carrying on the good work. Come forward with donations of money or goods to help make the Fair a success.

Donations should be addressed to the Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

COME ONE! COME!!

Grand Reception

in honor of

REV. DR. J. CHAMBERLAIN,
General Manager of the Church
Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

On the 32d Anniversary of the Mission, in the Guild Room of St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Thursday Evening, Nov. 17 1904
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

Refreshments will be served.

Admission, 25 cents.

WM. G. GILBERT,
GEO. LINDEMANN,
WM. A. MOORE,
Committee.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crouter, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 26x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 18 colors and gold. The size is 6x9 1/2 inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per baker's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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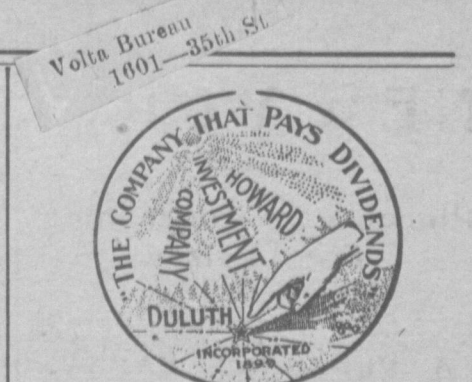
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the
HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer,
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